



Fanatic Martial God

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Synopsis :

Xiao Chen “the waste” of Xiao clan had his engagement to the Young Lady of the Yang clan renounced. And when he was visiting a sect he liked to go to, it was exterminated by an unknown expert who was looking for “Feng Yu”. He himself was left behind half-dead. On the verge of death he is helped by the soul of an old dead Expert. The surrounding blood is turned into a fog that enters his dantian and then changes his physique.

Info :

<http://www.novelupdates.com/series/fanatic-martial-god/>

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Chapter 1 – I shall not take a wife like her

"Bad news! Bad news! ...Elders, Patriarch!... the Yang Family returned the engagement letter!" a servant shouted from the gate, as he hurriedly rushed into the courtyard.

"What? the Yang Family returned the engagement letter? Just as I predicted!"

"There's nothing to be predicted! As everybody knows it , the Yang Family is the most powerful family in Romantic City, so how could their Patriarch marry his precious little girl to such a loser? It will bring shame to their name, and also ruin their reputation! I would break the engagement as well, if I were him."

"Our Young Master is really unlucky, for having all his meridians blocked since childhood. Not only could he not cultivate Vital Spirit, now his engagement with Yang Family has also been cancelled!"

"Young Master has disgraced everyone in Xiao Family. In former generations, there was no such loser in our family, but we just got one here!"

"I suppose that since Young Master could not cultivate Vital Spirit from childhood, he will be doomed to live as a waste."

"To be honest Young Master is nice. Too bad that he is useless. It's just his cruel, and twisted, fate!"

Inside the main hall of Xiao Family, obviously, the Patriarch Xiao Changfeng, did not look well at the servant's shout. However, the two elders in Xiao Family were quite calm, as if they've already known this result.

That servant said humbly after entering the main hall, "Patriarch , Elders, please kindly look, this is the engagement letter sent back from Yang Family. It was...it was already torn apart by Lady Yang."

"Hmph! You have disgraced us all by fathering such a useless son!" Xiao Yuntian, as Grand Elder was evidently discontent at Xiao Changfeng, for bringing such a worthless son to the family.

In fact, that engagement was made decades ago, and back then, no one thought that the Xiao Young Master would grow into some useless person. The breaking off of the engagement was raised three years ago. It's just that Xiao Changfeng kept saying about healing his son's meridians, so the proposal was delayed until today.

"Don't dream that Lord Yang would marry his precious daughter into our family, just because you helped him fend off a few attacks!" The Secondary Elder, Xiao Yunfeng scolded with anger as well.

Xiao Changfeng felt extremely helpless, and his heart was filled with bitterness. Who would have ever expected for his own son to be like that? For all these years, he had tried every possible way to turn things around, but all his efforts were in vain.

The two elders had the highest seniority within the family. Although Xiao Changfeng was the Patriarch, he could not decide everything with these two elders presiding over the situation.

"Xiao Kui, Ling'er, you guys go to Xiao Chen's room now, and bring him here!" Grand Elder Xiao Yuntian shouted. He was furious, thinking that the Yang Family breaking the engagement dishonored the whole family.

"Yes, Grand Elder." Xiao Kui said respectfully, and the two of them hurriedly ran out.

Xiao Kui and Xiao Ling were both eleven years old, and they were the youngest direct descendants of the Xiao Family. They were pretty close as they cultivated together since they were kids.

They ran to the backyard of the Xiao Family, and very soon they came to Xiao Chen's room. Xiao Kui yelled, "Xiao Chen! Come out now! Grand Elder is calling for you."

Creak!

After a short while, the door opened, and Xiao Chen walked out in a white long gown.

Xiao Chen was a handsome young man, but he was pretty weak, as if he could be blown away by a gust of wind.

"I have good news for you! Your engagement letter has been returned by the Yang Family!" Xiao Kui would never miss even a single chance to mock Xiao Chen.

"Brother...Brother Xiao Chen." Xiao Ling slowly addressed him, a little embarrassed. Perhaps Xiao Ling was the only one among her peers, who would call Xiao Chen with such intimacy.

Xiao Chen glimpsed at Xiao Ling, and ignored Xiao Kui's jeer directly. He went towards the main hall with slow steps , as he was already used to all the jeers.

Walking along the corridors, Xiao Chen noticed that all the servants were staring at him oddly. Their disdain and taunts were obvious. Even though Xiao Chen was used to it, he still felt angry.

Xiao Chen looked at Xiao Changfeng as he walked into the main hall, "Father."

Xiao Changfeng nodded at Xiao Chen with a smile, but Xiao Yuntian shouted out angrily before he could even speak.

"Hmph! Here, this is the engagement letter returned from the Yang family! You can see for yourself, you have disgraced the whole family!"

Second Elder continued shouting furiously, "We called you here, so that you can know the Yang family's judgement on you!" he pointed at the servant, "You tell this loser!"

"Yes, Elder." That servant was a little scared, but he started as he swallowed his saliva, "Madame...Madame Yang said that she would never approve this marriage; for she couldn't marry her daughter to a useless person. She said that the marriage would hurt her daughter, so the engagement must be cancelled immediately. The letter has already been torn up by Lady Yang, and Madame Yang also said that..."

"She also said what? Spit it out, now!" Xiao Yunfeng berated, and the servant trembled with fear. So he hurriedly said, "Madame Yang also said that the Young Master is not qualified enough to become a member in her family. She said that the Young Master should not dream about changing his life through the Yang family; since the Yang family has high a reputation in Romantic City, which can not be tarnished by a loser."

Xiao Changfeng frowned as he heard these words, and his chest was filled with anger. As his face turned pale, he felt deep remorse, for he blamed himself for fathering Xiao Chen. Even though Xiao Chen did not think the same, Xiao Changfeng believed that it was his fault that Xiao Chen had blocked meridians.

That was simply insulting him! Even though Xiao Chen was only a twelve-year-old young man, he had his own dignity. He felt furious that Madame Yang would even think that he intended to marry Lady Yang to change his own life. However, he seemed extremely calm, with no shaking hand, and there was no panicked look, which surprised everyone.

Grand Elder Xiao Yuntian took his cup, and sipped his tea. He looked at Xiao Chen with visible indifference, "Have you heard all that, Xiao Chen? Because of you, Xiao Family became the laughing stock of the whole Romantic City. Our family experienced all these insults and indignities from Yang Family, just because of you."

Xiao Chen looked at the servant quietly, "Give me the engagement letter"

The servant handed it over, yet no one knew what Xiao Chen planned to do. After a bit Xiao Chen picked up the two pieces of the engagement letter, and tore them into many pieces. He threw them up in the sky, and

said in a self-deprecating tone, "Everything is already written in your destiny, and you don't persist in acquiring something you don't possess. She refused me, and I shall not take a wife like her!"

He turned around and left the main hall as he finished his sentence. He did not like to face those cold eyes, and mean words. He'd rather be alone.

All those present were stunned, including the two elders. No one expected Xiao Chen to be so calm, with no trace of emotion, as if nothing had happened.

Just because of that, the Grand Elder was even more angry. He was angry at Xiao Chen's attitude, but he did not stop Xiao Chen from leaving.

For Xiao Chen it could've been handled in a better way, because he was kind, and had a tender heart. He knew what it meant to be a loser, so he did not approve for the engagement at first, for he did not want to ruin Lady Yang's precious youth. However, the unbearable insult, and humiliation from the Yang family, did hurt his feelings. Even as he showed his calm reaction, his heart was bleeding inside.

Chapter 2 – A falling mist of blood

At night, the wind howled, lightning flashed and thunder shook the skies. Tiny raindrops began to fall from the sky, when Xiao Chen walked along a path in the mountains by himself.

He felt very comfortable. The cold raindrops had completely washed away his anger, as they kept falling on his body.

The Immortal Taoist Sect was an obscure sect located at the west side of Sky Moon Continent, and it was also the only sect that was not far from Romantic City. Xiao Chen had joined the Immortal Taoist Sect for three years. The benevolent Chief of the Immortal Taoist Sect couldn't bear to see a young man suffering from that kind of pain and torment, so he took him in, provided him with a chance to cultivate regardless of the outcome.

The thick smell of blood pervaded from the Immortal Taoist Sect, with a large mist of blood suffusing and lingering above in the sky. It seemed extremely uncanny.

"What's going on? Why did the sky turn red? What's this smell? It's...It's blood!"

Coming to the entrance of Immortal Taoist Sect, Xiao Chen saw the weird blood mist in the sky as lightning flashed. In the meantime, he sensed the smell of blood, and noticed the blood mixed in the rain. Xiao Chen froze for a moment, then hurriedly rushed towards the Immortal Taoist Sect.

Rumble!

Thunder and lightning pierced the void and lit up the Immortal Taoist Sect in the darkness. With a careful look, many bloody corpses were strewn across the ground. It was so miserable that one could hardly bear to see it. Every single disciple in the Immortal Taoist Sect had been killed, and their blood flowed like rivers and tinted the ground red.

At this scene, Xiao Chen suddenly got scared to death, and his face immediately turned pale. Without knowing what happened, all disciples in the Immortal Taoist Sect had died in the twinkling of an eye.

In the square, a middle-aged man was holding a disciple from the Immortal Taoist Sect, and he asked in an icy voice, "Where is the Wind Spirit Jade?"

The middle-aged man was in his twenties, and he wore a white gown. With black shoulder-length hair, pale complexion and sharp eyes, he seemed pretty scary.

The disciple did not answer, but looked at the middle-aged man scornfully.

"For the last time I ask you, where is the Wind Spirit Jade?" asked the middle-aged man flatly. His voice was low and filled with murderous intent.

The disciple of the Immortal Taoist Sect sneered, "Humph! Who knows?"

The middle-aged man frowned and his right hand stabbed through the disciple's chest. Blood sprayed out as the disciple died on the spot.

"Brother Tianming!" Shao Chen shouted out instantly. His weak body trembled and his eyes were filled with anger, fear, despair and grief.

"I respect you for not being afraid of death." The middle-aged man said indifferently without blinking his eyes. He casually flung and tossed the corpse aside.

Seeing Brother Tianming's body was thrown away, Xiao Chen could not bear his anger and rushed forward, as he roared, "Who are you? Why are you doing this? Why?"

The middle-aged man glanced at Xiao Chen and with a simple wave, he blew Xiao Chen away, "Oh, so it's a waste without any Zhen Qi!"

Xiao Chen could not speak anymore and his chest felt as if it was hit by an extremely heavy stone. He could not get back on his feet and he had a mouthful of blood.

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!"

Abruptly, along with some noise, a few figures appeared on the square of the Immortal Taoist Sect.

"Have you found the Wind Spirit Jade?" The middle aged man looked at

those figures and asked coldly.

One man shook his head, "I've searched the entire Immortal Taoist Sect, but the Wind Spirit Jade has not been found."

And he continued doubtfully, "Is the Wind Spirit Jade really at such a remote place? The Immortal Taoist Sect is merely a small sect. Does that old bastard Qingyang really possess the Wind Spirit Jade?"

Traces of icy sparks flashed in the middle-aged man's eyes. His snake-like eyes were cold, "Qingyang is a stubborn old man and it seems that he would rather sacrifice all these disciples lives, than give away the Wind Spirit Jade! Humph!"

"This wimpy kid looks like that waste from the Xiao family. I've seen his portrait when we were leaving. Perhaps this waste might know about the whereabouts of the Wind Spirit Jade?" The man mocked, and there was disdain in his eyes.

"He's useless. That old bastard Qingyang would not be so stupid to trust a waste with the Wind Spirit Jade!"

The middle-aged man showed no emotion on his face. He glanced down at Xiao Chen, and then looked at the large mist of blood in the sky above, before he commanded coldly, "The mist of blood looks weird, let's retreat first and report to the Chief."

"So how do we handle this waste?" A man pointed at Xiao Chen.

"Wastes do not deserve to be killed by me." The middle-aged man said contemptuously, before he vanished in the darkness without looking at him.

Xiao Chen's taut nerves finally relaxed after that mysterious man left, and he suddenly kneeled down on the ground. Xiao Chen was filled with extreme fear, since he just experienced the Yang family's insult and his sect's doom.

Looking at the corpses lying on the ground, Xiao Chen's tears coursed down his cheeks. His heart was filled with grief, anger, helplessness and despair. In his mind echoed the mysterious men's mockery, mixed with a lot of memories from the Immortal Taoist Sect.

Xiao Chen had a dream since childhood, and almost everyone in Sky Moon Continent all shared this same dream, which was to become the most powerful person between heaven and earth. Even if he was only a useless person, he firmly believed in his dream. Just because of his firm belief, he struggled harder than his peers and endured twelve years of pain and misery, which made him more mature than others.

However, that dream of his had been completely crushed. This sudden massacre made him totally confused and lost. Even if he was more mature than his peers, he was completely unnerved by such brutal slaughter.

Seeing the disciples of the Immortal Taoist Sect dying in front of him, Shao Chen first felt helpless inside, and then he felt a strong desire to gain strength.

The words, "Wastes do not deserve to be killed by me" hit Xiao Chen hard. He could not stand such an insult, and these words ignited the vengeance in his heart.

"Peng! Peng!"

His desire to seek revenge grew stronger and stronger. His heart beat rapidly his chest, and his eyes were filled with an endless murderous rage.

"I want you to pay for your words! And Yang family, I'll make you regret! I'll get justice for the disciples of my Immortal Taoist Sect! I want revenge! Ah!"

Thinking back to those mocking words from the mysterious men, and the insult from the Yang family. Xiao Chen felt completely furious by them. His heart was torn apart and bled by fury and grief. Xiao Chen suddenly cried to the sky, and bloody lights flashed in his eyes.

"Whew!"

Just at that time, the mist of blood on the sky abruptly began to rotate at a high speed and formed into a huge whirlpool. In the middle of the whirlpool, a tiny red light dropped from the clouds onto Xiao Chen's forehead, between his eyebrows. Something eerie happened. The massive blood mist gradually began to rush into his glabella, and at the moment, Xiao Chen's body began to emanate a bright red light, and a suffocating ancient air suffused out, but it disappeared in the blink of an eye.

Xiao Chen was still screaming towards the sky out of anger, and it seemed that he did not notice the weirdness. In the end he passed out because the pressure was more than his body could bear. Just then, Xiao Chen's body began to transform.

Chapter 3 – Ancient Deity

"Ha-ha, why do you want to join the Immortal Daoist Sect, Xiao Chen?"

"Because I want to become the most powerful man between heaven and earth, Master."

"Ha-ha, good! As your Master, I believe that you will achieve that. Let's hope that the great heavens won't let your efforts go in vain."

"Master! Master!" Xiao Chen suddenly woke up from his coma and screamed out loud. Only then did he realize that he was in a dream. Recalling master's gracious smile, Xiao Chen could not help but burst into tears, with his heart filled with sorrow and sourness.

"Am I dreaming now?" Xiao Chen suddenly woke up and hastily stood up, and wished that the slaughter of the Immortal Daoist Sect was merely a dream. He refused to believe that it really happened.

However, when he looked at those corpses, he was finally certain that it did actually happen, and he was not dreaming at all. Unable to bear the heavy blow, he was once again plunged into grief and fear, as if the whole world had sunk into darkness.

"How could this be? Why is it like this? I can live with the discrimination from the Xiao family, the humiliation from the Yang Family, but why did the Immortal Daoist Sect get destroyed? Is it just because I'm a waste?" Xiao Chen murmured bitterly, feeling down and lost.

"Kid, are you suffering from being discriminated by the Xiao family, since you are just a waste without Vital Spirit? Are you angry at the Yang family's nasty insult? Are you feeling afraid because the Immortal Daoist Sect got massacred?"

Unexpectedly, out of nowhere, an old low voice sounded in Xiao Chen's ears. Xiao Chen got stunned; he quickly turned his head to find the voice's source. However, there was no one around, he was only surrounded by dead bodies.

"Who's there? Who's talking?" Immediately Xiao Chen became alert. Since nobody was seen, he asked himself at heart, "Unless I misheard? There's obviously no one nearby!"

"Your name is Xiao Chen, right? Kid, you may see me if you close your eyes."

The voice rang again, this time Xiao Chen was completely sure that there was indeed someone out there talking to him. He did not imagine it; he just lost sight of the person's existence.

Xiao Chen did as the voice commanded, he slowly closed his eyes. He stepped into somewhere dark.

"Where...Where am I?" Xiao Chen wandered. Oddly, he found himself in a dark gloomy space where nothing was visible.

Suddenly, a flash of golden light appeared in the dark space, an unreal figure emitting golden shine stood in front of Xiao Chen. He was an old

grey-haired man.

Xiao Chen was astonished at the miraculous existence of that old man, his mouth wide open as he asked quaveringly, "Old man, who...who are you? Why are you here? And what is this place?"

"This is the frame of your mind." Smiled the old man.

"The frame of my mind? Why is it full of darkness? Are you fooling me?" Xiao Chen said. From his perspective, darkness represented bad people. He assumed that he was not a bad person, that's why he asked.

"You can't cultivate Vital Spirit and you feel miserable about it, even though you believe that you could change, get Vital Spirit someday. Through all these years, accumulating dark elements began to pile up inside your mindframe. The insult from the Yang family, the massacre of the Immortal Daoist Sect brought you fear and despair, which also made your frame of mind so dark." The old man explained peacefully.

Again, Xiao Chen was astonished by the old man's words, he asked in shock, "Who are you? And how did you know about all this?"

"I am the Ancient times' strongest Deity Ba Hun! I have scanned your memories when you were in a coma, so I learnt about all your past." The old man smiled faintly.

"Ancient times' Deity Ba Hun!? Then why are you inside my mindframe?" Xiao Chen raised yet another question.

"I'm being hunted and happened to see you howling towards the sky, so I entered your body. Now, with limited time and a severe injury, my spiritual body won't last long. After a while, my spirit and soul will be shattered. I've planted all my divine blood in you. In fact, planting divine blood in the body of a waste would be better than seeing it be robbed away by others." The old man said and his spiritual body began to get weaker and weaker as time went by.

"You planted the divine blood in me? What's that?" Xiao Chen asked curiously. He had no idea what divine blood was... Perhaps he would understand better if it were some kind of animal's blood.

"Do you want to get your meridians cleansed?" The old man laughed.

Xiao Chen nodded repeatedly, "I surely do! I can cultivate if my meridians are cleansed!"

"While you were in your coma, the divine blood had washed throughout your whole body, so now the divine blood is running in your veins. You now have a completely different physique from before, the physique you possess now is hundreds of times stronger! So all your meridians are already opened up." Ba Hun smiled.

"Really? My meridians have been opened up now? So in other words, I am now able to cultivate?" Xiao Chen was very stunned, a deep wave of exultation rolled through his heart! opening up his meridians meant that Xiao Chen could cultivate! He was no longer a waste!

"Yes, indeed! There's not much time for me, so I'll plant the divine blood in you. I would hate it if all my power, skills and cultivation arts had gone

lost. We were predestined to meet each other; therefore, I'll pass them all on to you"

"Pass on to me?" Xiao Chen felt even more ecstatic at his words. Even though he was not sure what he was about to inherit, but it must be really amazing since it was Ba Hun's lifetime's accumulation.

"Bang!"

Just as Ba Hun finished his sentence, he placed his right hand on Xiao Chen's forehead. Golden lights sparkled and burst into the darkness. Suddenly, the space got lit up, pieces of information continuously poured into Xiao Chen's mind. Powerful abilities and cultivating arts began to appear in Xiao Chen's brain.

Soon, Ba Hun stopped, his spiritual body becoming even more transparent. He smiled, "I passed on the cultivating arts only to you, Xiao Chen. With the help of the divine blood, I believe that you will keep making a lot of progress!"

"Great! I can't thank you enough, senior! I, Xiao Chen, will never forget your great kindness!" Xiao Chen was very grateful and infinite hope raised up in his heart.

"You may also find other powerful magic weapons and skills inside this storage ring, take it. Your divine blood will help speed up your cultivation, I have to go, just keep this in mind, Xiao Chen! Forget the past, and aim to the future! You are not what you used to be! Could you address me as your master before I go?" Ba Hun smiled faintly; his spiritual body faded and disappeared at last.

"Master!" Xiao Chen called out in a strangled voice; tears somehow welled up in his eyes.

"Ha ha ha! My good apprentice!"

"Forget the past, and aim for the future! Forget the past, and aim for the future!" Xiao Chen murmured and repeated, the more he repeated, the more relaxed his mind became. Xiao Chen slowly opened his eyes and he felt all the darkness in his mindframe disappearing gradually. For the very first time he laughed genuinely, "Thank you, old senior! You are right, I'm no longer what I used to be! I can cultivate now so I will let everyone in Xiao family and everyone in Romantic City acknowledge the fact that I'm not a waste! I'll make the Yang family regret! And I'll avenge the Immortal Daoist Sect!"

Chapter 4 – Tough and violent physique

“Forget the past, and aim for the future!” Ba Hun’s words made Xiao Chen completely relieved. Now, it could even be said that he was reborn.

His eyes were sparkling with resolution and determination. The ancient divine blood had completely cleansed his body and his bone marrow, now it was running through his veins! He obtained a super powerful physique!

“Now that all my meridians are opened up, I have the Sacred Destruction cultivation art and the Ancient Chaos Sword Art, there is no need for me to cultivate with the Xuan-level cultivation art from the Xiao family anymore.” Xiao Chen whispered to himself, and for the first time a trace of an evil smile appeared on his face.

There are four levels of cultivation arts in Sky Moon Continent: Tian, Di, Xuan and Huang. Tian was the most advanced level. Of course, above Tian cultivation arts , there were more advanced ones such as Immortal, Divine, and Sacred. However, Immortal and Divine cultivation arts were very rare in Sky Moon Continent and were barely seen. Even if there were some, they were only of the level of Immortal. The cultivation arts that Ba Hun passed on to Xiao Chen were the most advanced ones available – Sacred cultivation arts!

Glancing at the already destroyed Immortal Daoist Sect, Xiao Chen murmured, “Now that Immortal Daoist Sect is gone, I should probably leave from here as soon as possible. Now that I own such powerful cultivation arts, it would be better to not go back to the Xiao family. Among the vast heaven and earth, there is definitely a place for me!

Master, rest in peace. I swear I will find out who did this to the Immortal Daoist Sect, and I will definitely avenge you!"

Xiao Chen intended to bury the disciples of Immortal Daoist Sect properly, but thinking that someone might come later, he decided to leave the place to avoid unnecessary troubles. After twelve years of suffering, Xiao Chen had grown into a cautious, sensible young man who was always vigilant.

As expected! Only after a short period of time since Xiao Chen left, some cultivators came to Immortal Daoist Sect and were stunned at the miserable scene that no one could bear to look at.

Two hours later, the dreadful news got spread throughout the entire Romantic City at a fast speed. Even cities beside Romantic City also got to know the news that the Immortal Daoist Sect was destroyed. The news agitated all the cultivators around Romantic City.

The most stunned person at that news was Xiao Changfeng, Xiao Chen's father, because normally Xiao Chen would only have two places to go to.

One was the Xiao family, and the other was the Immortal Daoist Sect. Usually, he would spend more time at the Immortal Daoist Sect than he would spend at home. The second Xiao Changfeng heard the news, he sent out many men to look for his son, totally ignoring whether the two elders would approve or not.

Although the two elders ruled the Xiao family in normal times, Xiao Changfeng's cultivation had already reached the middle stage of Bigu, which was more advanced than the two elders'. Xiao Changfeng, as the family head, would constantly listen to the elders' advices out of respect

only.

However, the situation was totally different now. Xiao Chen was Xiao Changfeng's only child, and since Xiao Chen lost his mother at a very young age, he received special care and love from his father. Now, not knowing whether Xiao Chen was dead or alive, his heart is filled with anger and anxiety. Even the two elders could not dare provoke him right now, for it would be really chaotic if he was provoked.

"It's so hard to believe that Immortal Daoist Sect is destroyed now. It's located in the west end of Sky Moon Continent, who would possibly be its enemy? To everyone's surprise it was destroyed! Dead bodies were everywhere, it was too frightening!" said a disciple who was out searching for Xiao Chen, he looked terrified as he described.

"Such a powerful person! It seems that our waste of a young master is doomed. He is originally a waste, shouldn't he have thought that he could not cultivate Vital Spirit energy when he joined the Immortal Daoist Sect? Such a ridiculous thought! It's really a bargain since he lost his life!"

"To be fair, it's my first time seeing our family head so angry and anxious at the same time in all these years! What confuses me the most, is why he value would such a good for nothing son so much?"

"Indeed, he better be dead by now, so we can all escape from the fate of being insulted! This time when Yang family broke the engagement, everyone from Romantic City mocked our Xiao family for currying favor with the Yang family! The Wang family is the worst! They wanted to devour our business, they even cursed our entire Xiao family as wastes when they heard about the Yang family breaking off the engagement!"

"Fine, let's find some place to rest for a while. I don't feel like searching for him anymore, it's better if he's dead! No waste is needed in our Xiao family!"

No disciple among the Xiao family wished for Xiao Chen to be alive. Even though they went out searching for him under orders, they were looking for a place to rest.

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After leaving the sect, Xiao Chen had entered deep into a forest where few people came. Inside the forest there were a lot of complex thorns and vines, the air was filled with the fragrance of earth and plants.

Xiao Chen found a hiding place, it was a cave at the base of a mountain. The atmosphere was ghastly as if it was a giant statue of a fierce beast opening its bloody basin-like mouth, waiting, and luring its prey inside.

However, Xiao Chen was not afraid at all, for he often walked along mountain roads at nights, and his cat like eyes helped him see things crystal clear in the darkness.

Entering the cave, Xiao Chen found an empty space and sat down cross-legged. He closed his eyes and began to review the memories in his mind.

"The Sacred Destruction cultivation art and the Ancient Chaos Sword art that elder Ba Hun passed on to me sounds amazing, but it's a shame

that I don't know which level they belong to." Xiao Chen said to himself with a smile. Aside from the four levels of cultivation arts of Tian, Di, Xuan and Huang, he had never heard about Immortal cultivation arts, Divine cultivation arts and Sacred cultivation arts.

Since Xiao Chen had not cultivated Vital Spirit, he didn't even have a trace of it, so he temporarily could not check the treasures inside the storage ring. After all, he needed to pour Vital Spirit into the ring before it revealed its content.

"Right, elder Ba Hun said that my body had been thoroughly cleansed with divine blood, so basically, I do not need to develop my foundations now. He also mentioned that my physique is a hundred times stronger than before, I'll just try and see if it's true!" Xiao Chen said to himself as he recalled elder Ba Hun words.

As he spoke, he picked a stone the size of his fist and punched at it with his bare fist. With a "Bang", the stone was smashed.

"Indeed I'm stronger than before! I feel nothing after smashing a stone the size of my fist!" Xiao Chen was surprised and shocked at the same time. Before the transformation, he would feel a lot of pain when hitting a piece of wood, let alone a stone.

Feeling his own stronger physique, Xiao Chen was thrilled at heart, so he picked out a several times larger stone. Unexpectedly, he could raise it up with only one hand. He tried punching on it, and like earlier, it was smashed into pieces!

Xiao Chen could not believe what just happened, for he obtained such

a tough and violent physique in the blink of an eye as if he was born with divine strength. Looking at his strong fists, a brilliant smile showed up on his face, it was cheerful and filled with joy.

"I have became stronger! Ha ha ha! I've become stronger even without cultivating Vital Spirit!" The feeling of becoming strong made Xiao Chen extremely happy. This innocent and pure young man got his first taste of the joy of being powerful.

Chapter 5 – Legendary Chaos Sword

"Others had been cultivating since childhood, yet I am basically starting now, twelve years later than others. As a consequence, I have to work really hard on my cultivation. I can only make father a decent and respected man in Romantic City when I become strong and powerful enough. I will spare no glance for the Yang family, and I will avenge the Immortal Daoist Sect's blood feud!" Xiao Chen shouted out hatefully, and in his eyes there was a trace of murderous look.

The super strong physique filled Xiao Chen with hope and strength. He needed to take advantage of the power of hate, and spare no efforts in cultivation. His eyes had never shown such firmness during the past twelve years.

After calming the turbulence of his inner emotions, Xiao Chen closed his eyes and began to recall the cultivation method of the Sacred Destruction Art from his memories constantly. Even though Xiao Chen had no Vital Spirit, he was well read in the art of cultivation since he started self-discipline as a kid. Soon, he began to cultivate according to the cultivating method of the Sacred Destruction Art.

As Xiao Chen continued with his cultivation, he began to feel the presence of Spirit Qi among the heaven and earth. Immeasurable Spirit Qi began to be absorbed into his body, and it changed into Vital Spirit after it was refined.

"Is this the Spirit Qi among the heaven and earth? Is this the strength of Vital Spirit? Great! I've cultivated Vital Spirit! It feels so warm! Vital Spirit keeps pouring out continuously, so fast!" Xiao Chen yelled cheerfully, he

was pretty excited. He carefully felt and probed his Vital Spirit as well as the Spirit Qi among the heaven and earth.

Feeling the strength of Vital Spirit slowly circulating through all his meridians being incomparably warm and comfortable, almost got Xiao Chen nearly intoxicated.

After about the duration of a burning joss stick, Xiao Chen stopped his cultivation. He looked at his own hands surprisingly, he obviously felt that he became much stronger than before cultivating. He smiled to himself, "It's unimaginable how great the Sacred Destruction Art is! I cultivated only for a duration of a burning joss stick, Yet I have endless Vital Spirit pouring through my body!"

Since he had cultivated Vital Spirit, Xiao Chen certainly planned to check on the treasures inside the storage ring. He pulled out the storage ring that Ba Hun gifted him, from his pocket immediately.

Xiao Chen had known a thing or two about storage rings, the Xiao family also owned a few storage rings. It's just that all treasure tools had different levels of quality. They were divided into five levels, which were: brilliant, spirit, immortal, divine and sacred. Among every level there were different grades: low, mid, and high.

"Why can't I tell which level and grade this storage ring belongs to?" Xiao Chen measured the storage ring with his eyes, but he could not tell which level it belonged to.

He let go of the question since he couldn't tell. Then, he used the Sacred Destruction technique and easily released his Vital Spirit, which

overjoyed Xiao Chen. Originally he was worried for not knowing how to release his Vital Spirit, but unexpectedly the Vital Spirit was released so easily.

Xiao Chen injected the Vital Spirit into that storage ring, and waited with a feeling of anticipation and joy. However, to Xiao Chen's shock, the storage ring did not have any reaction, and naturally he failed to see what was inside the storage ring.

"What happened? I have already injected the Vital Spirit, why is it not reacting?" Xiao Chen wondered. He laughed with joy after a while of thinking "right, it should recognize its master by blood. Master Ba Hun probably has already erased the soul mark of the storage ring.

"Drip."

Xiao Chen bit his finger and dropped a drop of blood on the storage ring. The blood got absorbed instantly, the storage ring suddenly emitted dazzling purple lights, and a few words appeared on the storage ring.

"Just as I expected! There are some words! So magical! Legendary Ring of Chaos, seems that it's pretty bad-ass." Xiao Chen cheered, and excitedly wore the ring around his finger as he injected Vital Spirit inside the storage ring again.

When Xiao Chen witnessed the space inside that storage ring, he was completely stunned and speechless. The space inside was quite big, with no visible edge. However, not many things were kept inside such a huge space.

"There are so many herbs and prescriptions. Oh, a tripod as well. Was master Ba Hun an alchemist? Oh, so many treasures and techniques! So many precious things!" Even though there were not so many stuff inside the storage ring, it was already considered to be a great wealth to a young man such as Xiao Chen, since he was only twelve years old.

"Oh? Ghost Shadow Spirit technique? What's this technique? Is it a movement technique?" Xiao Chen marveled at heart, and the technique he saw in that storage ring raised up his curiosity.

He took it out from the storage ring, in fact, the technique appeared in Xiao Chen's hand as he raised his hand out. This magical scene brought him a burst of joy.

"It is a movement technique. From the description it sounds amazing!" Xiao Chen became excited as he read, and later he went through all the techniques in there. He wanted to cultivate everything he set his eyes on. Perhaps it was because he suppressed his desire to cultivate for twelve years. However, right now the depression and pain aroused his desire to cultivate.

Finally, Xiao Chen laid his eyes on a long sword. The sword's blade was entirely transparent, it exudes a hint of chill, giving people an extreme feeling of coldness.

"Is this the powerful magic weapon that master Ba Hun spoke about?" Xiao Chen took out the long sword from the storage ring, and assessed it carefully with his eyes. He did not feel anything from it, and naturally he could not tell which level or grade it belonged to. So weird.

"Drip."

Xiao Chen dropped another drop of his blood on the sword, the same as he did with the storage ring. The blood got absorbed instantly and immediately the long sword burst out a brilliant white light, which lit up the whole cave. An astonishing aura spread out from the sword.

Xiao Chen was stunned again, for that aura nearly suffocated him. Soon the white light faded away, but still Xiao Chen stared at the long sword floating in the air, with his eyes wide open.

"It feels amazing!" Xiao Chen could only gasp in admiration. After a while, he kind of felt too terrified to reach out and hold the sword.

After long time of staring at the sword, Xiao Chen murmured, "I still don't know the sword's name. Since master had passed on to me the Ancient Chaos Sword Art, then this sword should be my weapon, and I like it very much."

"Whoosh, whoosh, whoosh!"

However, as Xiao Chen finished his sentence, the cold-breath-blowing long sword began to dance in the air. It kept swinging, and soon enough, a few giant words appeared in the air.

Xiao Chen was shocked as his mouth fell wide open and gazed at those words as he cried out, "The Legendary Chaos Sword! Oh my goodness! This sword could understand what I was saying!"

It made Xiao Chen feel even more elated, and he asked the legendary sword, "Will you follow me and be mine in the future?"

The Legendary Sword of Chaos shivered violently in the air as if nodding and saying yes. Seeing that, Xiao Chen became more thrilled than ever. After twelve years of misery, he finally felt his days had come!

Xiao Chen stroked the Legendary Sword of Chaos admiringly for a while, before he whispered to himself again, "I have so many powerful techniques now, perhaps nothing could be achieved by me if I cultivate on every one of them. Probably it's for the best that I cultivate them one by one. Although they are all precious and powerful, the most important thing is still one's personal talent. I have to cultivate more powerful Vital Spirit, or else, cultivating those techniques by force without powerful Vital Spirit as supporting foundation would do more harm to myself."

After thinking about it, Xiao Chen suppressed the joy and elation in his mind, and closed up his eyes as he carried the legendary sword on his back. He operated the Sacred Destruction art again and fell into a state of cultivation.